

THE METROPOLITAN.

APRIL, 1841.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Dramatic Works of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart., now first collected. To which are added, Three Odes; on the Death of Elizabeth; Cromwell; and the Death of Nelson.

For universality of literary talent there is no living author who can compete with Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. When genius is expanded over many pursuits, the generality of mankind prove clever in many things, and superior in none. This is not the case with Sir Edward. His excellence equals his versatility. This is a proud boast, and should be a perpetual source to him of pleasurable and triumphant feelings. He has identified himself with the English name, and he will hereafter form a portion of that glorious individuality which will make future generations proudly exclaim, "We are Englishmen!" On the plays before us, which form the principal contents of this splendid volume, panegyric has been exhausted, and he has best criticized who has most praised them. Among the honest and the unwarped by party feeling, we have offered our humble tribute of congratulation to the author and the public on their appearance. We shall not again perform this pleasant task. Our opinions are recorded, and never did we utter sentiments which we feel more convinced will be those of all unbiassed men and of all time. We shall, therefore, in this short notice, refer only to that which is new in this volume. It opens with an introduction, written with extraordinary vigour, and in which the most glowing colours of poetry are made subservient to the nice distinctions of criticism. It is a good preparation for the beautiful dramas that follow. The dramas are, "The Duchess de la Vallière," "The Lady of Lyons, or Love and Pride," "Richelieu, or the Conspiracy," and "Money." The "Ode on the Death of Elizabeth" is of striking and intrinsic beauty, and is most grand in the moral of the eternal

April 1841.—VOL. XXX.—NO. CXX.

truth which it enforces. The second Ode, entitled "Cromwell's Dream," is much more fiery, impetuous, and Pindaric, than that on the death of Elizabeth. All through it, the voice of poetry pours forth its harmonious thunders. It is founded on the well-known dream of Oliver, in which it was predicted to him that he should be one day the greatest man in England; with the usurper's well-known regretful remark upon it, "*that the figure had not made mention of the word king.*" But the Ode that will be dearest to England is that on the Death of Nelson. This beautiful poem opens with Nelson praying in his cabin that "he might conquer to save," and gazing upon the portrait of Lady Hamilton. How the hero could reconcile the one occupation with the other, it is difficult to comprehend. The poet, however, has extracted great beauty from this scene, and supposed that whilst Nelson was dwelling upon the lineaments of the adulteress, that his noble heart was then wrung with a deep remorse. The Ode then makes a bold transition to Nelson's youth, and recites most of its striking incidents; it then alludes to the triumphs of his manhood, and we are at length brought to witness the battle of Trafalgar. It is thus that this spirit-stirring Ode concludes:

"As down Sicilian Etna's burning side,
The waning terrors of the liquid hell
Fainter and dimlier grow!
So the spent rage of Battle grimly died
O'er the far-booming ocean's labouring swell—
But, ever and anon, the sudden flame
Shot from some flying sail,
And the last vengeance of the vanquish'd came
In loud despair upon the cloudy gale.
They fly—still dealing death—they fly—the Foe!
So lions from the circling spears retire,
With horrent jaws that menace as they go;
So hurrying comets, that depart in ire,
Shake from their demon-urns the swarth malignant fire!

"But where was he—the noblest son
Of the Triumphant Isle—
Where—England's loftiest victory won—
Her Hero of the Nile?—
Lo, on his couch, the Victor-Victim lying,
Save to the few—the fatal stroke unknown—
Above—his gladsome crew—his pennon flying,
And he, with that dark Angel—Death, alone;
But ever as the loud hurra
Timed with triumphant peal his latest day,
By each new conquest o'er the scattering Foe,
Flashed on the ashen cheek the flickering glow.
And, like a star that pales beneath the morn,
When gradual broadening o'er the solemn sky,
So life grew dark as glory drew more nigh!
Vain on that gentle heart the levin came;
Nor bays nor mingling myrtle there uptorn;
And thoughts, like echoes in a shrine, repeat
Familiar memories indistinctly sweet,
That blend his England's with his Emma's name.

“The last guns heard that famous day
 Along the deep were dying;
 No flag, save ours, within the bay
 On a single mast was flying:—
 When the Captain came where Nelson lay,
 The Chaplain by his side;
 His hand he press’d—his cheek he kiss’d—
 ‘Look up,’ the Captain cried;—
 ‘Twenty have struck, and the rest have fled—
 We have won the victory!’
 ‘Thank God—thank God,’ then feebly said
 The Sydney of the sea—
 ‘My duty is done.’—So the race was run,
 And thus our Nelson died.”

Having thus made an effort to do faint justice to these beautiful Odes, we must say a few words upon the volume, merely as a vehicle, which contains them and the plays. It is remarkably handsome in appearance, printed in a type large, clear, and beautiful, and on the best paper. It is altogether a very handsome book. We trust that it will, for many years, prevent the appearance of any of those execrable cheap editions, which is an outrage to the author, and disgraceful to the public. The proper getting up of a book ranks now among the fine arts, and works like those we have been here noticing, deserve and should obtain the graceful additaments that the arts of printing and binding can offer. Since an equitable copyright is now denied to authors, we trust that the liberal booksellers will produce their works in a graceful form, and, by the superiority of their getting up, defy the attempts at piracy.

Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections. By LADY CHATTERTON, author of “*Rambles in the South of Ireland*,” “*A Good Match*,” &c. 3 Vols.

These are three volumes written with an unfailing amiability of feelings, which produces in the heart of the reader something not remote from a personal affection for the authoress—volumes to which we naturally wish a portrait attached, so that we may carry in our memories the lineaments of a valued friend. Over them the attention will never flag for a moment; and though we find in them none of the more glaring and claptrap ebullitions of wit, they abound in the more healthful and joyous attributes of a refined humour, and of a nicely-finished archness. As might be expected from the title, the subjects treated upon are extensively varied, passing from grave to gay, even to the extremes of the mirthful and the melancholy. The first part of the first volume is rich with royal, aristocratic, and poetical associations connected with the princely mansions situated not far from the metropolis. All this will be found abundant in anecdote, and not deficient in novelty;—novelty—that passionate desire, that almost vainly sought delicacy for modern appetite. After this, our lady traveller extends her peregrinations to the midland counties, and, as she pro-

ceeds, contrives to enliven and instruct her friends. She tells the following whimsical anecdote of an old housekeeper of Warwick Castle, who afterwards left her amassed savings to one of the Warwick family. This devoted old lady—heart and soul devoted to everything, animate or inanimate, connected with the Warwicks—one day told a friend of the authoress, when he was viewing some fine pictures in the Warwick collection, that they were painted “by Paul *very uneasy*,” meaning, probably, Paul Veronese; and deep was the affront when the gentleman very innocently, or rather wickedly, inquired, what Paul was uneasy about. Towards the latter end of this volume, we find ourselves in Ireland with this most agreeable of tourists—we mean Lady Chatterton of course, and not our immediate antecedent, the old lady with her uneasy Paul. In this green island Lady C. is extremely graphic, and paints her scenes with the most dazzling colours of the rainbow. She makes them very brilliant; and yet we know them to be true as bright, for we have seen many of them. In the second volume, after visiting the Trappist establishment, Mount Mellerie, near Cappoquin, and telling us some pleasant anecdotes about the Irish peasantry, concluding with one unusually piquant as to the advantages of confession, we are suddenly transported into Florence, and to all the melancholy interest of a deep tragical love-tale of the thirteenth century. This story is well developed, and would form a good groundwork for an historical drama. This is shortly afterwards followed by a tale from the ancient history of Ireland, narrated with great force and characteristic simplicity. We now come to that portion of this publication which is most intimately the author’s own, being a transcript of her inmost mind, in her reflections on various subjects. From these we shall make as many extracts as the limits of our space will permit. Though we might select portions of the work far more amusing, yet none would be more instructive, or better display the tone of the author’s thoughts and feelings.

“A multitude of thoughts, impressions, and feelings are not conducive to poetry; this may be one reason why barbarous nations are more poetic than civilized ones. The quick flow of thought arising from high cultivation and extensive knowledge, prevents that exclusive dwelling on one idea which is requisite to produce poetry, and the same over-cultivation produces an impatience in reading it.

“I think the principal ingredient of genius is a sort of intuitive power of seizing on the most effectual mode of producing impression on the minds of others. It is this feeling, rather than reflection, which makes most of the great geniuses of the present day write in prose. Quickness is what extreme cultivation most relishes. The same feeling, therefore, which produces railroads, steam-carriages, and all kinds of quick-performing machines, is inimical to the slow measured cadences of verse.

“When we like a person at first sight, the affection generally proceeds from a sort of instinctive conviction that they will make us happy. We feel that their qualities harmonize with ours, though they may be very different, and are composed of those which we want most. As harmony produced by unisons is not the most attractive, so characters similarly moulded do not generally suit, and conduce least to each other’s happiness. It is owing to this that we see melancholy people generally at-

tracted by those of a cheerful temper. But the contrast must not be too strong, or it might produce discord; they should not be in different keys.

“How delightful are those moments when we have a full perception of all we have to be thankful for!—when all our life, both past and future, seems to resemble some bright and sunlit landscape—when even the shadows which diversify its surface, only tend to vivify and embellish the scene! Sometimes, when in this rare but blessed frame of mind, I can fancy the landscape of life will appear more beautiful still, when clad in autumnal hues; and even when covered with the frost and snows of winter, it will look cheering. And further still, I can imagine that, when we have passed through the winter of old age, and the cold dark tomb has closed over us, a radiant heaven is on the other side, far more lovely than the earthly landscape—the eternal abode of harmony and peace.

“We can comprehend more easily the infinity of time and space than that there should be any limit to either. We can comprehend eternity better than annihilation. This shows that we are designed for a future existence and a larger sphere—that we are immortal.

“Disappointments are not half so bad in themselves as is the bitter lesson which they teach. They tell us not to indulge in hope, and hope is in this life our only real enjoyment. We should never check the joyful anticipations and buoyant hopes of sanguine-minded children; let them have all the pleasure of expecting to find this world a paradise. This delightful imagination will perhaps be their only earthly happiness; let it therefore last as long as possible.

“The tender affection of the good may have an additional charm in giving a fancied security against evil. Whilst we receive evident proofs of their love, when we know that we are everything to even one really good person, we feel as if no great evil could assail us, because, if we were miserable, that delightful friend must suffer.”

The rest of this volume is occupied by matters exclusively Irish—its scenery, adventures, and some domestic histories, all amusing and animated. The third volume commences with a Venetian tale, suggested by the reflections excited by the perfume of flowers, and more particularly of the hyacinth. We then, with the talented authoress, repair to the English lakes, and these beautiful scenes are described in a fitting spirit of beauty. *Apropos des bottes*, we find a caution—a very useful one—to young ladies, to be choice in the language which they employ to their adorers before marriage—afterwards, it is the husband who must study his parts of speech, the passive voice of his verbs especially;—for we find an anticipated bridegroom standing by the side of one of these lakes, and exclaiming to his lady-love, as he viewed the white clouds, “Are they not beautiful, my dear?” “I think they are very like soap-suds,” was the innocent, the fatal reply—innocent, because it had all the simplicity of truth—fatal, because it cleansed the bosom of the fastidious cloud-gazer of all that perilous stuff called love. The lady was happy in escaping from a fool. We must not be tempted to linger too long over these fascinating volumes. We shall briefly conclude by stating, that they take us willing companions to a pleasant tour through Flanders and Germany to Paris,

and there our pleasant authoress makes us her graceful adieu. We cannot resist extracting a little fact that a visit to a continental gallery of pictures has elicited from our observant authoress—it will amuse our readers.

“What a strange imagination, or rather want of imagination, Teniers must have had! There is his favourite tobacco-pipe, to which he is as constant as a German of the present day. This said white, highly-finished pipe I discovered in a picture at Rome, of a Holy Family, tucked up very comfortably behind the ear of Saint Joseph!”

Before we conclude, we feel it a duty to attempt to do some justice to the natural and unostentatious vein of piety that pervades the whole work. The instinctive gentleness and the suavity of her disposition lead her up to religion in its kindest and most beneficent form—that of a chastened joy in all God’s gifts, and of spiritual love for all his creatures. Her reflections in Lent should be often read, and deeply meditated upon; by the young especially. Whatever may be the diversity of critical opinion upon the various merits, the information, and the practical utility of other books lately published, no one can deny that this season has produced one good work, and that is Lady Chatterton’s “Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections.”

We had, so occupied have we been by the literary charms of these volumes, nearly passed over the pictorial talent displayed in the many lithographed views given to the public. With the exception of the foregrounds, which are in general too sketchy, and not distinct enough, all the rest is well delineated, and a good ariel perspective is uniformly preserved. This lady must have cultivated her numerous talents assiduously.

Retrospection, or Light of Days gone by; the Lord of the Valley, a Masque; and other Poems. By the Rev. WILLIAM LIDDIARD, Author of “The Legend of Einsidlin,” “A Three Months’ Tour through Switzerland,” &c.

The volume before us contains poems, which in criticizing we have but one danger to avoid, that of falling into a vein of panegyric that may be deemed somewhat extravagant, until the reader shall, by perusing the work, have verified the encomiums that we feel bound to bestow upon them. They appear before the public under the auspicious sanction of that first and best of modern poets, the revered and the really inspired Thomas Campbell. The first poem, “The Recollections of Days gone by,” is didactic, and eminently moral. It opens with a comparison between the human race and the bee, and the very apposite but ancient moral of “providential care for man’s age of winter” is beautifully exemplified. We then have a truly poetical invocation to Memory, and some charming associations connected with it; these associations derived principally from the qualities of the most fascinating flowers. All this very naturally leads the

author into a more spiritual vein, and the Swiss attachment to their country, being closely connected with the phenomenon of memory, is exquisitely touched upon; their nosologia, and all the romance of their country-loving character. As being one of the principal officiating priests of Memory, Painting is next apostrophized, and that right eloquently. It is thus that our author pays his just tribute to the inspiration of Thomas Moore:

“ The hour for music’s come ! Melodious song,
Those airs which only to the past belong ;
To Erin’s harp—neglected long,—long known,—
Long breathed by lips in ages long since flown :
Welcomed alike for sweetness, as the spell
Which round the string with memory loves to dwell.
Well hast thou scanned its powers, harmonious Child
Of Song ! who oft the sad heart soothed, beguiled ;
Who hast, Tyrtæus like, by thy bold songs,
Painted, redressed thy nation’s crying wrongs ;
Glory relighting with the Patriot zeal,
Rekindling Love, which all but slaves must feel.
Melodious Music such thy god-like might ;
The soul with wings to furnish for its flight !”

After wandering over some other subjects, this first part concludes with an adieu to the picturesque beauties of Langollen. The second part of this sweet poem is rather more discursive than the first, treating of subjects not so strictly connected with the subject-matter of retrospection, yet never too far departing from it, so as to appear misplaced or tortured into a conformity with the other parts. We have not space to mention all its details, but will quote the concluding lines.

“ By past experience we best judge of *Him*
Who by his throne of clouds surrounded, dim,
Beholds the Dwellers on this earthly ball ;
With a like Providence regards us all
Who feel, or ought to feel the debt we owe ;—
The hand that guards our faltering steps below ;
Who, with fresh nurture, the young raven fills,
Rides on the clouds unseen—the tempest stills ;
In Mercy who hath made all things, and Man
In his own image ;—such the mighty plan
On which the earth is formed—the Planets move
At once proclaiming past and present love.
The Past—whence spring Faith—Hope—not Doubt and Fear.
Though afar off, still is He ever near,
Who shall from every eye wipe off the falling tear !”

The characteristic of this poem is a nicety of polish in the versification, and an exquisite justness of thought, clothed in great eloquence of language. This “ Retrospection” strongly reminds one of the manner, and sometimes of the matter, of the “ Pleasures of Hope.” The author could not have chosen a better model. We do not claim for it, “ Retrospection,” the epic crown ; for it does not possess, nor does it require, any elevated bursts of sublimity. Its imagery

is all pleasing, quiet, and mostly pastoral. The means are symmetrically adapted to the end ; and that end we pronounce to be success. The second poem of length in this volume is the masque, " the Lord of the Valley," which is very good, but yet not so pleasing to read as " Retrospection." It is a morality against avarice, and contains some fine touches of poetry. But we are not, we sophisticated moderns, too apt to sympathize with such mere idealities as Dryads, Hamadryads, and Oreads, by the means of which the action of the masque is carried forward. Were the fashion of liking masques to return to us, this would be received with rapture. Of the miscellaneous and minor poems, we must pronounce that there is not one among them which does not contain some point, or glow with some unexpected beauty. We extract the following sonnet, as being appropriate to the season, but not as being, by far, the best that we could adduce in justification of our commendation.

" SONNET TO MARCH.

March !—thy loud winds are music to my ear ;
 Though dark the brake and leafless yet the tree,
 Its buds give promise of the growing year ;
 The rill too murmurs by me merrily,
 And clear,—save where the mimic waterfall
 Bubbles and rests awhile, then boils around
 Impeding stone, making harmonious brawl ;
 Struggling it downward leaps with eager bound,
 Fleet shooting from its bed ;—and now it glows,
 Beneath the cheering sunshine makes its way,
 And to the sullen blast in concert flows,
 With the loud bass mixing its treble lay ;—
 While, like the lark, Hope soars on plumage light,
 And leads us sky-ward with her vision bright !"

If poetry, such as we have been commenting upon, will not revive a taste for the tuneful and the impassioned outpouring of verse in our matter-of-fact loving public, we shall begin to dread that the faculty of appreciating the true, as combined with the poetical, is about wholly to perish from amongst us. Philosophy may dream about the cause of this mental degradation, and assign it to a thousand different and remote operations. We believe it to arise solely from one—the increasing love of money, and of all the actualities and tangibilities which money only can produce. We pant now only for those delights which the physical eye can see. We use the word " physical," in contradistinction to " mental," which the physical ear can understand, and which the palate can taste. Whilst all see, all covet and love those things, making them a standard of moral excellence, as well as a realization of actual pleasure, the poet may throw away his unheeded harp ; and the sublime and beautiful may seek to be appreciated by those only who have impoverished themselves by a silly worship of and veneration for these now unprized qualities.

Vivia Perpetua, a Dramatic Poem, in five Acts. By SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

We always read introductions and prefaces. We do this in justice to the author, for it is but right that we should permit ourselves to be, if possible, attuned to the right chord on which he or she intends to strike. These precursors are, or should be, what overtures are to the forthcoming performances; preparations of the mind for the various passions and sentiments that are to ensue. In a sort of prologue, the authoress announces that "*Vivia Perpetua*" is a *dramatic* poem, in which *dramatic* effect has been universally held to be subordinate. This startled us into considerable apprehension, and it being followed by a very ill-constructed though amiable sonnet to Miss Adams's sister, we were not very sanguine as to the prospects of pleasure that we should derive from the perusal of Miss Adams's undramatic dramatic poem. We remember when Lord Brougham was at the bar; not knowing his person, and being one day in court by accident, we saw a strange-looking person rise to address the jury. He hummed, ha-aed, snorted, and grimaced, and we had turned to leave the court, disgusted by such awkwardness, when the first wave of the full flood of his beautiful eloquence burst upon us. Need we say that we remained fixed with astonishment and admiration until he ceased to speak? *Vivia Perpetua* had the like effect upon us. After reading the first page, our attention never, for an instant, swerved from the book until we had finished. How great was our surprise, how intense our pleasure! The time of this drama is that of about two or three generations after the Crucifixion, and the place Carthage. *Vivia Perpetua* is the daughter of a Roman patrician, of an unbounded ambition, and a fanatical devotion to the gods of his country. He aspires to something more than the vice-government of Carthage, which office is held by Hilarianus, under the title of præfect. *Vivia* has been called to the fold of Christianity. This fact is known to the Jew Barac, and for the sake of lucre, and of hate to all who bear the name of Christian, he denounces her to the high priest of Jupiter, and to the representative of Severus, Hilarianus. Hence proceed all the interest, the difficulties, and the distresses of this beautiful poem; a poem, notwithstanding the disclaimer of the authoress, in the highest and best sense eminently dramatic. We do not hesitate to say, that its profane parts are almost worthy of Shakspeare, its sacred of Milton. We would not wish, with all its transcendent merits, to see this drama upon the stage; it is far too solemn and too holy. It places the humble heroism of Christianity in a light of ineffable glory. Most of the proconsuls who had to administer the laws against the early Christians, did so regrettingly, and endeavoured by all kinds of persuasions and entreaties to make them recant, or seem to do so. They were satisfied if the accused would but place the humblest offering, the smallest flower, on the altar of the statue of the Roman emperor, who was always a god for the time being. *Vivia* refuses, and is condemned to, and suffers, the death of the Amphitheatre. The following specimen of Miss Adams's lyrical powers is good.

April 1841.—VOL. XXX.—NO. CXX.

P

" They bear the hero from the fight—dying ;
 But the foe is flying ;
 They lay him down beneath the shade
 By the olive branches made,—
 The olive-boughs are sighing.

He hears the wind among the leaves—dying ;
 But the foe is flying !
 He hears the voice that used to be,
 When he sat beneath the tree,—
 The olive-boughs are sighing.

Comes the mist around his brow—dying ;
 But the foe is flying !
 Comes that form of Peace so fair,
 Stretch his hands unto the air,—
 The olive-boughs are sighing.

Fadeth life as fadeth day—dying ;
 But the foe is flying ;
 There's an urn beneath the shade
 By the olive-branches made,—
 The olive-boughs are sighing."

The trial scene in the Forum is most moving and impressive, and we are much grieved that we have not space to give the whole of it. It is thus that this beautiful aspirant for martyrdom puts in her claim to die for the truth :

Hilarianus. Vivia Perpetua !

First Citizen. Look, look, there's her father !
 There, by that pillar—he was hid behind it.

Hilarianus. Lady, although suspect, (and therefore justice
 Must have account of thee,) yet be assur'd,
 Proving thine innocence, thou wilt appear
 More fair, more virtuous.

Vivius. (Aside.) Basest hypocrite !

Hilarianus. How little asks it of thee !—what the effort ?
 One wave of that white hand towards yon flame
 Shall sign thee faithful to our gods and laws.
 Fear not ; all are your friends. I wait your answer.

Vivia. I am a Christian. [*Tumult. The crowd shrinks back.*]

Vivius (coming forward). How ! who spake those words ?
 Not she—'twas not her voice ; believe it not.

Citizens, up ! A trick—there is a trick !
 Ye have heard of marbles made oracular ;
 Of stones that had a voice ; of trees that utter'd :

Ye know not if yon priest's deceptious art —
 Look where she stands, bound up as in a spell,
 Pale, motionless, unconscious as a statue !—
 Let her step forth from off that treacherous platform,
 And, standing face to face, repeat those words.

You will not hear them—no, she will not say them !

Vivia (advances a few steps). I am a Christian.

Vivius. Still there is some juggle.

Four words—four words in parrot repetition,
 What are they ? what to prove ? What is—a Christian ?

Vivia. Truth above all,—it is the Christian's word ;
 Love over all,—it is the Christian's soul ;

Life beyond all,—it is the Christian's hope :
To lay down mortal life for Christ who liv'd
For Truth and Love, and died for Life Immortal,—
This is to be a Christian.—I am ready."

Nothing can be more sublime than the conclusion. It at once makes the heart triumph and weep. No other faith could have produced such elevated sentiments, poetry so heart-stirring, and which, being truth, seems to be poetry no more, but something more lofty. This panegyric is sincere. We know nothing of Sarah Adams but her poem. We never before heard of her existence. We trust that this publication may be so well received by the world, that she may be induced to give it many poems similar to *Vivia Perpetua*.

Waldemar, surnamed Seir, or the Victorious. Translated from the Danish of B. S. Ingemann. By A LADY. 3 Vols.

A new field of historical romance, exhibiting the social and political condition of Denmark at the zenith of its power, and during an age when the characters of men, not yet subdued and blended by the effects of civilization, stood out in bold relief and unbridled energy, is opened by this translation to the English reader. We recommend him to explore it, and promise him no small amount of pleasure from the fine conceptions of character, the vigorous and spirited dialogue, the humour, pathos, and grandeur of many of the scenes which he will encounter in his course. *Waldemar*, the hero of the romance, is admirably conceived and very skilfully developed. He is seen under every variety of fortune, a victor and a captive, in his hour of strength and of weakness, of dignified reserve and of unguarded freedom, but never once loses his hold upon our respect or upon our sympathy, never once allows us to forget that we are in the presence of one of the ablest and bravest monarchs of an epoch that boasted among its kings *Cœur de Lion* and *Philip Augustus*. The character of *Bishop Waldemar* and *Count Henrik*, though less pleasing, are equally well imagined and sustained. Ambition is the ruling passion of all three; but each preserves his individuality: with so much truth to nature is that passion modified, in each, by the other propensities with which it is combined. The females in the book do not appear to us, generally speaking, so well drawn as the males, but *Dagmar* is upon the whole a sweet creature, and so is poor *Kirstine*, on whose account we hate *Count Otto*, and are far from being pleased with *M. Ingemann* himself. We have, however, against the latter a still more serious ground of quarrel, viz. that he obliges us to follow him down the stream of tradition in all its windings, which is not only now and then rather tiresome, but also leads us into dark and mysterious paths against the stomach of our sense. Still we cannot forget that if there be some things objectionable in *M. Ingemann*, he makes ample amends for them by his general power and originality: and it would be ungrateful not to feel that he is a man of genius, who, in the work before us, has embodied his own distinct

and vigorous conceptions, instead of a mere bookmaker who has hashed up "in a story of thrilling interest" (as the advertisements have it) the ideas of others for the thousand and one'th time.

Fully to justify these remarks by quotation, our limits will not permit. The following extracts, however, which have been selected partly with reference to the space allotted to us, and partly because they give some idea of the author's power, in different moods of mind, will probably be enough to show that the favourable opinion which we have pronounced upon *Waldemar* is not wholly undeserved.

Count Otto, *Waldemar's* nephew, on his return from Bohemia in the disguise of a groom, is interrupted, while viewing the fortifications of Schwerin, by some of Count Henrik's followers, who take him for a spy. He speaks them fair however, and a friendly parley ensues. In the course of it one of them inquires—

"And know'st thou not, either, whether the report be true that your young king, in the midst of all his bottle-nosed valour, hath got thoughts of marriage into his head again, and means to woo the Princess of Bohemia, whom he has never seen?"

"Of that I have heard a little bird sing; but whether there be anything in it, I shall not say."

"Hem," murmured the man-at-arms, "these kings and princes turn the world upside down with their wooings: and when they wed they cannot be like one of us—judge for themselves, and taste the ale before they drink it, but must needs buy a pig in a poke, and take their chance of its being worth the having. No wonder it often turns out, after the tune of the old ballad,

'The Princess has got her the crown of the King:
The sparrow's no mate for the henn O!
The little maid's gone to the kitchen: the King
And the realm with her finger she'll turn O;'

"None will say that of—(my uncle," Otto had nearly exclaimed in his haste, but corrected himself in time and continued)—"it will never he said of King *Waldemar* that he suffered either man or woman to lead him by the nose. But tell me," he added, wishing to give another turn to the conversation, in order to avoid suspicion, "is it true that your bold Count Henrik hath so fair a wife, but that he himself is black as a raven, that he sees with one eye, and shows only the white of the other when he looks at one?"

"He doth so only when he is furious," answered the man with quickness, "and take care, young jackanapes, thou do not make him look so. True, his skin and hair are somewhat of the darkest; that his best friends cannot deny: but no woman need fear to soil her white face with his whiskers. Thou art a pretty fellow, I warrant, but, if there is to be peace and good fellowship between us, thou must" (here he swore a tremendous oath) "speak with respect of Count Henrik."

"As to the gracious lady Audacia—but here comes Fritz Grönhagè with the wine—now let us be merry, comrades. Long live Count Henrik and his beautiful lady! He who drinks not their health from the bottom of his heart, is a traitor that deserves the wheel."

"The wine went briskly round, and when old Gunz Red-nose (as his comrades called him) had in some degree quenched his thirst, he resumed his discourse where he had left off.

"How Count Henrik came by so fair a wife?" he continued, with a self-satisfied smile, as he stroked down his beard, "that's what every

body's asking: *that* I think our young master there would never guess: neither would it ever come into your thick heads, my boys, but I can tell you all about it; perhaps I may have told it you before, but none of you will be the worse for hearing it a second time.'

"O yes! the count has to thank thee for it: it was all thy doing—we have all heard the story a hundred times,' interrupted Fritz; 'hadst thou not carried off the young lady from the old Margrave's tower—'

"Hold thy tongue, green-horn, when I am speaking,' interrupted Gunz, in his turn. 'What dost thou know about it? Have I not told thee a hundred times that it was not in the tower that she was, or she might have been there now, for aught I know. No; she went to hear the birds sing in the greenwood, and I did not let the pretty little doe slip through my master's fingers. Had I been a young simpleton, like thyself, whom a pair of pretty weeping eyes would have made as soft as a poached egg, I should have let her go; but I was old, and I said to myself, Gunz, if thou lettest the frightened hind escape, thy worshipful master will break thy neck; and what if she should cry for a week at the looks of her bridegroom? for twenty years, and more, perhaps, she will rejoice over his castle and lands. And did I not prophesy truly? where is there so merry a lady as our Countess Audacia? and where such a merry house as our castle? Lords and princes, counts and bishops, ladies and princesses, are always coming and going: the wine flows here like water, and the horn is sounding from morning to night. What are ye laughing at, ye grinning knaves? What, though the count be a little queerish every now and then, and puts you upon bread and water in the dungeon, only because he is vexed at the strange knights for looking too kindly on the countess; it were sin to say, because of that, that all is not right merry at the castle. Since the Princess of Flanders has been here, I have not been sober for a single day, that I can take my oath of; and finer times of it we could not have in the emperor's palace.'"

To the *bonhomme* of the above passage the fearful power of that which we are about to quote is strikingly contrasted.

The excommunicated Bishop Waldemar, the pretender to the throne of Denmark, meets, at a small inn in Germany, a dying assassin whom he had formerly employed to poison King Knud. The poor wretch having asked for a confessor, the bishop, at first neither recognizing nor recognized, offers himself in that character. He has just discovered who the culprit really is at the opening of our extract.

"What murder is it lies heaviest on thy conscience?"

"The last, the last,' said the criminal. 'She was so young and fair—and the fourth day after her bridal—but what business had the emperor with his enemy's daughter?'

"Princess Beatrix, the young empress! that sin was great,' said the deep voice, in a tone of compassion. 'Thou then wast the *tool*, but who was the *hand*? whose was the soul that first conceived the murderous thought?'

"Ho! ho!' said the criminal; 'I was but the tool—the hand that employed me must answer for that deed—is it not so, sir priest? A hand that holds sword and sceptre withers not so easily—but the hand with which he stirred the poison, alas! see how *that* has withered! Ah! pray, pray for me, pious priest, pray for me that I may not long burn for that sin. As for the king who took the plague—for him the count and the excommunicated bishop must suffer.'

“ ‘Die, wretch! and let the secret of that long-forgotten crime die with thee for ever. Now know I enough,’ said the knight, in a voice of thunder: ‘now can I whisper something in Otto’s ear I have been long seeking for;—murder! murder!—’tis a mighty word!—even on thy withered lips—Domenico! It would freeze the blood of my heart, were I not master of my heart as of thee and thy tongue. Knowest thou me now, and rememberest thou the oath thou swarest to me?’

“ ‘Alas, gracious lord bishop, is it you?’ here the voice of the dying man faltered. ‘Is it yourself? or cometh the Evil One, in your shape, to carry off my guilty soul?—but take not my life before thou hast once more given me absolution. I have not broken my oath—I have not named your name to any living soul, not even to yourself, and I have but a few hours to live: but, if you are again a holy priest, and reconciled to the church, give me a fresh effectual absolution, and take the old one back again—that Satan drew a stroke across, when you were excommunicated’

“ ‘Die—die, wretch,’ resumed the deep voice; ‘help thyself as thou canst: if thou expectest salvation from me—despair! I am again excommunicated.’

“ ‘Woe! woe!’ groaned the dying man; ‘he whom you bless, then, is cursed. Woe! woe! you have condemned me to eternal flames!’

“ ‘Coil thyself up and die, wretched viper! cried again the deep voice: ‘thou wert born to be the tool of the mighty, and to perish;—die, if thou wilt, in the belief that the outlawed bishop will be tormented for thy sin—be it so, he burns already—the church’s lightnings play round my head—but my helmet shall keep that flame cool, till a crown extinguish it. Art thou dead of fright, poor devil?’ continued the hollow voice, in a lower tone. ‘Even so! ’Tis well! That withered carcase will betray no more.’”

We take our leave of this translation with a hearty wish that its success may be such as to encourage the fair authoress to proceed with the rest of M. Ingemann’s romances; and that the whole series, which enjoys a high degree of favour in Denmark, may be admitted *ad eundem* here.

The Earl of Brecon, and Faith’s Fraud; Tragedies, in five Acts: and *The Ferryman*; a Drama, in five Acts. By ROBERT LANDOR, M.A., Author of the “Impious Feast,” and the “Count Arezzi.”

These dramas are very effective, and are each written with an excellent moral aim. The following is something like a sketch of the first tragedy, “The Earl of Brecon.” It opens with a scene of barbaric splendour, in which Mahel, the present earl, with all his kinsmen, is paying the last funereal rites to the late nobleman; and whilst feudal homage is demanded for the new possessor of the dignity, the lord of Builth, the nephew, openly and arrogantly claims the earldom, asserting that Mahel, the young earl, is a bastard. He, Mahel, assents to this tacitly, and refuses to vindicate his right, according to the usage of the times, by single combat, with the would-be usurper, thus suf-

fering his mother to be stigmatized before all his relations, retainers, and vassals. In this obloquy his sister also shares, who is married to the Earl of Hereford. As Mahel pertinaciously refuses to vindicate his legitimacy, his own family turn against him, and his mother, in a spirit of revenge, joins in the accusation and avows him to be baseborn, and that the marriage ceremony was only performed in time to make his sister legitimate, and therefore that the Earl of Hereford, her husband, is now the right lord of Brecon. This changes the aspect of affairs entirely, and the quarrel is now to be fought out between Builth and Hereford. In the mean time, Mahel is driven forth with every species of ignominy, amidst the curses and accusations of all, in which his mother, his sister, and his betrothed, play the most conspicuous parts. Almost naked, famished, and a wanderer, he does deeds of prowess that are attributed only to the age of chivalry. Though he permits a mean serving man to cudgel him heartily, this same coward fights with a stick two mounted warriors, in complete armour, overcomes them both at once, and makes prize of their horses. All this will startle the reader, but it is no more than is believed of the times. With the horses he rides post back to his inheritance, and arrives in time to save it from being taken by Builth, who is storming the castle, which is unsuccessfully defended by his brother-in-law, the Earl of Hereford. Mahel fights unrecognized in complete armour, and, at length, with his own hand slays the mighty Builth. Cased up in iron, this saviour of the house of Brecon is brought in; his mother and his sister lift up his vizor to pour some restorative down his throat, and they find that he is *dead*. The author, very judiciously, declines to show the grief of the mother, the sister, and the lover, at this piteous castastrophe. This plot has faults, but they are for the most part redeemed by the dramatic situations which it affords, and the astonishing vigour of the language. The probable is violated, and the possible infringed. The next tragedy, "*Faith's Fraud*," is of a more mixed nature, and partakes very largely of the comic. The delineation and the integrity of the characters of this play are admirable; but, in the conduct of its action, we perceive the same violence as that which characterized "*The Earl of Brecon*." There does not appear a sufficient motive for the extraordinary deeds of the actors. It is, however, a drama of wonderful powers, and, in parts, deeply pathetic. The last of these three plays, "*The Ferryman, or the Translated Escutcheon*," is serio-comic, and reminds one strongly of the dramatic master spirits of the olden time. Its construction is grotesque and laugh-exciting. A wealthy miller has married the widow of a German baron, with the usual number of quarterings, and with the more than usual poverty. She is rich only in having a beautiful and good daughter, Catherine, who is in love with the ferryman. As the ferryman holds the ferry of the miller, the latter, instigated by his aristocratical wife, at the opening of the piece, dismisses him from his employment. At a tender interview between Catherine and the ferryman, the ex-baroness rushes in, and, after a verbal altercation, they come to a treaty, that, if the miller will use gentleness towards

Catherine, he will, so long, never show his face, either to mother or daughter. But the ferryman departs not, but covers his face with meal, thus evading his part of the compact. It is thus humorously that the honest miller describes his vassalage to his lady-wife :—

Countess. A hatchment o'er the gate
For fifteen years?
Netherstein. It has hung there but twelve.
These twelve seem long enough, and many enough,
To him whose gate it is—her second husband.
The first has none to hang it on.
Countess. A second?
Netherstein. She has had, and she still has, two. The first
Her ghostly man of honour, Knipperbrock,
Whose scutcheon shines above the other's door—
A spectral champion kept to talk about—
O'erawes and shames his fleshly counterpart.
Countess. What is this last, and where?
Netherstein. A married miller ;
Lord of the ferry here. He is on earth
The duplicate of Knipperbrock above :
Takes toll and tribute with both hands. So much
For what he is—Belthazar Netherstein :
The other part, the where he is, is answered,
For here he is.
Countess. Her husband?
Netherstein. Bodily :
In temporal things.
Countess. Didst thou not say her servant?
Netherstein. Ay, so I am, indeed—the twain in one ;
First servant, second husband—minor domo.
My lady might prevail to do me good.
The man defunct has had a twelve years' preference :
It is my turn to head the partnership.
I would have this made known without offence ;
And henceforth take priority.
Enter Catherine.
Come hither—
The child and I have what this sprite has left us.
Speak wisely, mouse ! [Exit Netherstein.]

Now this countess has been forced, by stress of weather, to put up at the miller's, attended by a nobleman, who makes unlawful love to her, her husband being on the other side of the Danube, and for whom she is waiting. The storm continues and increases, the husband and suite attempt to cross, and are wrecked. The ferryman miraculously saves the count's life, but everyone else perishes. But we will no further describe the plot. Henceforward the drama becomes deeply tragical, for the count is a cowardly and a double murderer. The following scene is striking—it is where the false friend urges his suit by disclosing the guilt of her husband.

Countess. She defies thee !
Gertrude of Rabensberg has never answered
A threat in other words, nor will she ever.
If ruin rest with thee, let it come down ;
I called thee traitor—coward.

Otho. And so is he.
 Countess. Who is?
 Otho. Count Altheim—both of them.
 Countess. Well timed,
 And reckoned carefully!—his sword is lost.
 Otho. I go to find it.
 Countess. Whither?
 Otho. Where he left it.
 —So now for heart to second all this bravery—
 Fixed in your cousin's back—your elder cousin's—
 Not John's—he stabbed that too—with other weapons:
 This time it was the Baron Rabensberg's—
 Brother to him who was betrothed, half-married,
 Belied, supplanted by his friend and brideman.
 I spare no repetitions. I speak out.
 My work is not for ferrymen:—and yet
 The tallest guessed it like an oracle.
 One brother fell in battle—both are slain—
 The elder by that sick man's hand last night.
 Count Altheim's sword is in the Baron's back,
 The Baron's in its sheath. I go to seek them.
 Countess. What liar said this?
 Otho. Count Altheim told it me:
 A liar confessed—his wife was gained by lying:
 But haply here he may be credited.
 Go, wake this husband—tell him what I say—
 Bring him, and call his servants.
 Countess. Bravely done!
 I must, at last, in part retract my scorn—
 Excess of wickedness has something great!
 Dost think I credit half one word?
 Otho. I do.
 Else why so pale? All three are ruined now!
 The spot on which to test me is at hand;
 A mile, or less, below the crossing-place.
 Send all the servants—both the ferrymen;
 Wilt trust us if we bring this cousin's corpse?"

To sum up, in a few words, the character of these plays, we must state that they evince great talent—they are not adapted, nor perhaps intended, for stage effect, not possessing scenes that would electrify an audience; but they are full of touches that approach the sublime, and many of the thoughts and sentiments are actually Shakspearian. Few writers could produce three dramas containing more beautiful passages.

Mineral Teeth; their Merits and Manufacture; with Observations on those Cases in which they are or are not applicable, and on the best means of preserving Artificial Teeth. By EDWIN SAUNDERS, M. R. C. S., Lecturer on the Anatomy and Diseases of the Teeth at St. Thomas's Hospital, Author of "Advice on the Care of the Teeth," &c.

This is a valuable and useful little work. In his Preface, Mr. April 1841.—VOL. XXX.—NO. CXX.

Saunders refers to the demand for his former "Advice on the Care of the Teeth," as having encouraged him in pursuing the course therein commenced. He may well do this, for we believe no publication of the kind ever approached it in circulation. If the sale of twelve or thirteen thousand copies of a work, besides translations, entitle an author to a high standing, as it unquestionably does, we may certainly congratulate Mr. Saunders on having fairly won that distinction. The present work is characterized by the same straightforwardness of purpose as the former, its object being, like it, to convey information. In the Introductory pages allusion is made to that crying evil, the impositions of Advertising Dentists, on which, now that it falls in our way, we must just say a word or two. Recently we have seen some of these exposed in the public newspapers; one instance we recollect in which a lady had been plundered of about a hundred pounds, for which she appears to have received positively nothing, so far as the object she had in view was concerned; and so frequent, it appears, are such occurrences, that in the *Globe* newspaper now before us we find the following Notice to Correspondents.

"Were we to print the numerous letters we receive from parties who have been defrauded by certain Advertising Dentists, we should fill our columns with the same tales of deep-laid schemes formed to impose on the unwary, and to intimidate the timid into yielding to demands founded on the most palpable imposition. These practices are chiefly carried on by Jew Charlatans, who have assumed French names to give *éclat* to their attractive Advertisements. The exposure which some of these rascals have met with in recent legal investigations, will tend to set the public on their guard. We recommend our Correspondents, some of whose cases are marked by circumstances of no common atrocity, to apply to the Magistrates of their respective localities for redress."

Certainly this may be very sound advice, but does not the *Globe* see how very delicate a matter it must be for a gentleman, much less a lady, to have it proclaimed abroad, that from early neglect, the effect of illness, or what not, they have found it necessary to avail themselves of the Dentist's art? We are aware there ought not to be this difficulty, nor should persons feel any greater reluctance to confess their need of the Dentist's than of the Surgeon's or Physician's aid; but so it is; and it is on the strength of this disinclination that such impostors rely, and thus too often are enabled to pursue their course with impunity. If, however, there should be persons found with sufficient nerve to seek a legal remedy, and the exposure should be complete and final, let it not be supposed that the evil is at an end, for it is not; another is placed in the stead of the delinquent, who is declared to have *no connexion* with him, and thus the mischief proceeds, and must proceed as long as the Papers are open to set before the public, day by day, such promises as they are in the habit of making, the fallacy of which, perhaps, comparatively few suspect until they have been made the dupes of their own credulity.

But is there no remedy? our readers may be inclined to ask. Mr. Saunders thinks the only effectual one would be for the College of Surgeons to grant a special Diploma to properly educated Dentists,

without which none should be allowed to practise. This would, no doubt, accomplish the object ; but, until it be done, every attempt to expose such nefarious pretenders should be encouraged, and the public made aware that in entering their purlieus they are not only encountering the hazard of having, perhaps, a slight evil rendered an irremediable one, but also of having the door locked upon them, which we are assured has been by no means an unusual occurrence, should they hesitate to submit to some most extraordinary or unheard-of extortion. But we must now turn to the more specific object of the work before us ; it is, as we have said, to afford information, and it really does convey some very interesting particulars, and such as we have not before met with. First, there are remarks on the advantages of Mineral Teeth, and in many cases they appear to be very decided ; then there is a curious account of their Manufacture, and of the perfection to which they have recently been brought, which appears to be very surprising. It is not, however, to be supposed, that they can be indiscriminately applied, for in these pages we find very cogent reasons to the contrary ; and this is one, and a very important point, on which the value of this little work will be felt ; it will, like Mr. Saunders's former work, enable his readers each to judge for himself. We cannot, therefore, do better than recommend his present production, as we did his former one, to all who are interested (and who is not ?) in the subject.

The South Sea Islanders : a Christian Tale. Moraig ; or the Seeker for God. A Poem. By JOHN DUNLOP, Esq., Author of " Treatises on Association, and on the Philosophy of Drinking Usages in Great Britain and Ireland."

Mr. Dunlop produced a very good and a very beneficial book on the various absurdities by which people sought to justify or palliate the making themselves bestial by the abuse of alcoholic liquors, and, in accordance with our duty, we commended it. But this success did not make him either a dramatist or a poet. If the frog be praised for leaping well, it should not therefore put in its pretensions to fly ; and a very bold flight has this temperance author attempted. We venerate his principles, and we applaud his zeal ; but as to his discretion, the least said about it, the more ought he to be obliged ; always supposing that indiscreet people are obstinate, and reproof is lost upon them. The " South Sea Islanders" is an opera, written with the purest motives, but involving the most grotesque absurdities. Lockhart is cast away upon the island of Utonga, and is found senseless by a wild boy, who is mad, or half idiot. In excellent English this Indian, who had never before seen an European, recovers him, and sings him a song in English metre of eights and sixes, and then takes him away and hides him. The Metabora, the daughter of the king of Utonga, then appears with Annesley, the survivor of an ancient Christian mission, who has converted the lady ; they converse very properly, and rejoice each other in canticles, violating in good verse every shadow

of probability. Metabora being sacred, according to their superstition, as the heir to the crown, there are plots and conspiracies against her by the native chiefs that threaten everything but her life. There is war, and thus do these Agalans converse on the subject :

"2nd Agalan. So would I. Those lazy Utongans are precious dreamy about it: they are trying what a good sleep will do for them before they get their long sleep to-night. If old Titiroto had his eyes open, there would have been some sport ere now. There's no men among 'em now.

"3rd Agalan. If Titiroto had been fit for service, he would have been roaring at the door of our king's tent five hours ago. But they're depending upon this white man,—he is to blow us all up with the twist of his little finger, and the rest are not to put themselves to any trouble.

"1st Agalan. All gammon! it's merely to frighten a few of the old women.

"2nd Agalan. Nay, but I have heard my grandfather say that old Tuti could make thunder and lightning.

"1st Agalan. Thunder, but not lightning;—and what is the use of thunder without the lightning? no use at all in the world: I wouldn't mind the thunder a straw, were it not for the lightning."

The phrases "*precious dreamy*," "*some sport ere now*," "*blow us all up*," "*all gammon*," "*wouldn't mind thunder a straw*," are idioms that *may* be current in the South Sea islands, but of which Billingsgate or St. Giles should not be defrauded. It is wonderful how information travels. In page 119 we find these words :

"*Titiroto*. Aye, aye; they tell me they increase day by day: the influence of the princess and the white man, they say, is amazing. We shall be swallowed up: all the ancient landmarks of the constitution will be destroyed; all the gods of our fathers will be aggrieved and insulted, and thunderbolts be rained down upon us."

We think "*the landmarks*," &c. is not unfamiliar in a certain quarter in which English country gentlemen are fond of displaying their eloquence. We have no space even to enumerate the instances of incongruities that abound throughout; nor is it necessary, for the whole is foolish and incongruous. We would not say even this, were it not that the deserved reputation of the temperance author might induce unwary readers to look for more than they will find in the "*South Sea Islanders*." This is bad, but the thing called "*Moraig*" is worse. It is meant for a heroic poem; here is a specimen :

" But all, at last, judging the case to be
Frenzy, indulg'd her quest with courtesy:
Of eyes streaming with thought they bore the broil,
And chiding words with a permissive smile.
Her callous parents,—weary with annoyance
Incident to the case, having no science
To parry the perplexity that link'd
With where the lamp of reason was extinct,
Or such suppos'd,—judging, at any rate,
That lunatics, the favourites of fate,

May be resign'd to destiny, a charm
Possessing still, conservative from harm,—
They brook'd the fretting wound they could not heal ;
Obstructed not the over-vaulting zeal
That prompted Moraig to leave house and home
On an unwonted pilgrimage to roam ;
And thus, without remonstrance, she was left,
Of parents, kindred, birthplace, self-bereft,
To find out, where she might, th' untravell'd road
Could usher her to happiness and God."

Must not the friends of Mr. Dunlop blush to see such doggrel? We conclude by repeating, that his sentiments are excellent, and his designs commendable; but he should be informed that the ideas of the most eloquent sermon that Massillon ever preached, or that Tiltonson ever composed, may be rendered ridiculous, if treated in the manner in which Mr. Dunlop travesties solemn subjects.

On Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History. Six Lectures. Reported, with emendations and additions. By THOMAS CARLYLE.

These are very instructive lectures, and not uncalled for. It is desirable to pitch the standard of excellence in the right place, so that the followers of the good and the great may know round where to rally. False notions of excellence, widely disseminated, do more than one half of the mischief of this world, and that man deserves well of his country, and indeed of the human race, who tears away the dazzling veil from false glory. These lectures are judicious and discriminative, and, wherever they may find their way, must do good. As literary compositions we find them also great and elegant, though sometimes their sentences read too short and jerkingly. The following is a favourable specimen of our author's manner upon a most favourite subject.

"Well: this is our poor Warwickshire Peasant, who rose to be manager of a playhouse, so that he could live without begging: whom the Earl of Southampton cast some kind glances on; whom Sir Thomas Lucy, many thanks to him, was for sending to the treadmill! We did not account him a god, like Odin, while he dwelt with us;—on which point there were much to be said. But I will say rather, or repeat, In spite of the sad state Hero-worship now lies in, consider what this Shakspeare has actually become among us. Which Englishman we ever made, in this land of ours, which million of Englishmen, would we not give up rather than the Stratford Peasant? There is no regiment of highest Dignitaries that we would sell him for. He is the grandest thing we have yet done. For our honour among foreign nations, as an ornament to our English Household, what item is there that we would not surrender rather than him? Consider now, if they asked us, Will you give up your Indian empire or your Shakspeare, you English; never have had any Indian empire, or never have had any Shakspeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer, doubtless, in official language; but we, for our part too, should not we be forced to answer: Indian empire!—no Indian empire; we cannot do without Shakspeare! Indian empire

will go, at any rate, some day ; but this Shakspeare does not go, he lasts for ever with us ; we cannot give up our Shakspeare !

Nay, apart from spiritualities, and considering him merely as a real, marketable, tangibly useful possession. England, before long, this island of ours, will hold but a small fraction of the English : in America, in New Holland, east and west to the very antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the globe. And now, what is it that can keep all these together into virtually one nation, so that they do not fall out and fight, but live at peace, in brotherlike intercourse, helping one another ? This is justly regarded as the greatest practical problem, the thing all manner of sovereignties and governments are here to accomplish : what is it that will accomplish this ? Acts of Parliament, administrative prime ministers cannot. America is parted from us, so far as Parliament could part it. Call it not fantastic, for there is much reality in it. Here, I say, is an English king, whom no time or chance, Parliament or combination of Parliaments, can dethrone ! This King Shakspeare, does not he shine, in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying-signs ; indestructible ; really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever ? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the nations of Englishmen, a thousand years hence. From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of parish-constable soever, Englishmen and women are, they will say to one another, ‘ Yes, this Shakspeare is ours ; we produced him, we speak and think by him : we are of one blood and kind with him.’ The most common-sense politician, too, if he pleases, may think of that.

“ Yes, truly, it is a great thing for a nation that it get an articulate voice ; that it produce a man who will speak forth melodiously what the heart of it means ! Italy, for example, poor Italy lies dismembered, scattered asunder, not appearing in any protocol or treaty as a unity at all ; yet the noble Italy is actually *one* : Italy produced its Dante ; Italy can speak ! The Czar of all the Russias, he is strong, with so many bayonets, Cossacks and cannons ; and does a great feat in keeping such a tract of earth politically together ; but he cannot yet speak. Something great in him, but it is a dumb greatness. He has had no voice of genius, to be heard of all men and times. He must learn to speak. He is a great dumb monster hitherto. His cannons and Cossacks will all have rusted into nonentity, while that Dante’s voice is still audible. The nation that has a Dante is bound together as no dumb Russia can be.—We must here end what we had to say of the *Hero-poet*.”

This, if spoken well, must, as oratory, be very effective. It will find a responsive feeling in every Englishman’s bosom. We trust that we have said enough to provoke the curiosity of our readers on the subject of this work ; let them procure it, and they will find that curiosity pleasantly gratified.

Pilgrimages to the Spas in pursuit of Health and Recreation ; with an Inquiry into the comparative Merits of different Mineral Waters, the Maladies to which they are applicable, and those in which they are injurious. By JAMES JOHNSON, M.D., Physician Extraordinary to the late King.

The “ Pilgrimages ” are, as the title would lead us to suppose, of a very discursive nature, mixing judiciously the agreeable with the

useful, thus making utility pleasant, and the pleasing useful. Indeed, the talented author often indulges in a right merry vein, and instead of the details of disease and death, we find ourselves laughing at the good things which he sets before us. We could not enumerate one tithe of the Spas and places which he has visited, were we to devote pages to it; indeed, we hardly know where he has not been, and he has been everywhere for his own good and ours. We thank Heaven that we need not be invalids to enjoy his book. We like his moral tales extremely. He has thus turned many an idle, and superstitious, and noxious because it is superstitious, legend to advantage, and made the folks of the olden times appear to have been much wiser and better than we believe that they really were. To review this very pleasant work in detail would, if confined to reasonable limits, produce something like a nomenclature of places, with the eternal repetition after each of "good," "very good," "fair," "excellent," &c. So we must tell the reader, that he will be much amused throughout, and find the pilgrimages always varied in manner, humorous, quaint, learned, and egotistical—and all the better for being so. The author portrays the man admirably, though unconsciously, and we rejoice in it, for it is a very creditable display. As a specimen of the Doctor's style, we present our readers with the concluding paragraph of his volume.

"29. *Poetry*.—The transition from population to poetry is not so abrupt as might at first appear; for although we have population without poetry, we shall rarely have poetry without population. Looking at the *words* of the German language, a stranger to that language would be apt to conclude that it must be as difficult to mould them into music or poetry, as to convert hob-nails into ivory teeth—the bristles of a boar into the ermine of a judge—or the rocks of Iona into columns of crystal. Yet nothing would be a more erroneous prejudice than this conclusion. The German, like the English language, is so rich in *synonyms*, as to afford every facility for the intonations of the musician, and variety of expression of the poet. The poverty of the French language in this respect, presents a remarkable contrast to the German and English. French poetry must have the jingle of rhyme to make it bearable by the ear. A French poem in blank verse, would be like a monkey striding along on huge stilts, exciting roars of laughter from the spectators. But this poverty in synonyms, renders the French language more precise, and the individual words less equivocal than in any other. Hence its universal advantages in diplomatic communications, where the synonyms of other tongues would give rise to perpetual ambiguity and quibble.

"A curious, not to say ludicrous, attempt has lately been made by an American author to transplant the poetry of Goethe and Schiller into English by *literal* translation, the said author maintaining that poetry *will* be poetry *still*; and that the more close and servile the traduction, the better will the spirit of the original poetry be preserved! The following rather favourable specimen of this attempt to clothe German ideas in English words is quite a 'curiosity of literature,' and worth preserving.

"TO A NATURALIST.

" 'What Nature hides within'—
O thou Philistine!—
'No finite mind can know.'
My friend, of this thing

We think thou needest not
 So oft remind us :
 We fancy : Spot for spot
 Within we find us.
 ' Happy who her doth win
 The utmost shell to show !'
 Now that these sixty years I've heard repeated,
 And, oft as heard, with silent curses greeted.
 I whisper o'er and o'er this truth eternal :—
 Freely doth nature all things tell ;
 Nature hath neither shell
 Nor kernel ;
 Whole everywhere, at each point thou canst learn all.
 Only examine thine own heart,
 Whether thou shell or kernel art.'

"Now if any Transatlantic Philistine can crack the shell of this German nut, and extract an eatable kernel, he must possess a *MANDUCATOR* pretty considerably stronger than that with which *SAMSON* cracked the skull of the ancient Philistines in the Holy Land—the jaw-bone of an ass."

But let not the reader suppose, because the author indulges in this jocular vein, that he is wanting in depth of science, or accuracy of disquisition. He is, though no pedant, decidedly a ripe scholar, and one who has penetrated far into the mysteries of nature. The world, however, is beginning to acknowledge the wisdom of the axiom, that "gravity is generally nothing better than a cloak for ignorance." It is good to be wise, and still better to be merry ; but the best of all is to be both merry and wise. Long may Doctor James Johnson, extraordinary physician to the late king, live to enjoy this last distinction !

The New Sporting Magazine, under the patronage of H.R.H. Prince Albert.

Having fortuitously stumbled upon the third number of the new edition of this spirited periodical, we were a good deal struck by the variety and brilliancy of the talent which it displays. A merit, and a very great one too, which it possesses, is, that it adheres strictly to subjects connected with its character, and we are not, in its pages, entrapped into a political argument, or surprised into a polemical discussion. Among its contributors we find those standard writers, advertised under the names of "Nimrod," "Rigdum Funnidos," and "Wildrake." The genius of this Wildrake we particularly like. Everything belonging to the turf and the chase is duly noticed. We also find that yachts and yachting are engaging the editor's especial attention. This is as it should be, for if there be one sport more truly English and national than another, it is that of yachting. A nobler one there cannot be. We find the engravings in this number good. Whilst this magazine continues to be so well edited, so well filled up, and keeps so rigidly to its peculiar province, we can safely promise it not only success, but a splendid career.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Pastoral Superintendence. By the Rev. A. Dallas. Post 8vo. 12s.
 Memoirs of the Colman Family. By R. B. Peake. 2 Vols. 8vo. 28s.
 A List of Patents for Inventions granted during the Present Century. By A. Pritchard. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
 Sermons by the Rev J. E. Bates and Others. 8vo. 6s.
 Dublin University Calendar, 1841. Fcap. 5s.
 Poole's Annotations, Vol. II. Imperial 8vo. 25s.
 Daille's Exposition of the Epistle to the Philippians, translated by the Rev. J. Sherman. Royal 8vo. 12s. 6d.
 Documents connected with the History of Ludlow and the Lords Marches of Wales. Imperial 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
 Elements of Practical Knowledge. A New Edition, revised by Aikin. 18mo. 3s.
 Virgili Æneis. By the Rev. T. Edwards. Fcap. 3s. 6d.
 The Book without a Name. By Sir C. and Lady Morgan. 2 Vols. post 8vo. 21s.
 Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England, Vol. II. New Edition. 10s. 6d.
 Treatise on the Diseases of the Liver, &c. By W. Thomson, M. D. 8vo. 8s.
 Hobbs's Thucydides, new edition, with Notes, &c. 8vo. 15s.
 Dr. James Johnson's Pilgrimage to the Spas in pursuit of Health. 8vo. 9s.
 Lives of Eminent Naturalists. 3 vols. Fcap. 15s.
 The Register of Parliamentary Contested Elections. By H. S. Smith. 12mo. 5s.
 Notes on the United States of North America, 1838, 39, and 40. By G. Combe. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
 The Flower Grower's Instructor. By J. Greig. 1s. 6d.
 The Every Boy's Book. By J. L. Williams. 12mo. 8s.
 The Jubilee Memorial of the Rev. W. Jay. 12mo. 5s.
 Auger's Lyon Monastery and Parish of Isleworth. 8vo. 21s.
 Robinson's History of Tottenham. New edition, 2 vols. in one. 8vo. 2l. 2s.
 Popular Errors Explained and Illustrated. By J. Timbs. Fcap. 6s.
 Shaw's Memorials of Southern Africa. Second edition. 12mo. 5s.
 Waldemar, translated from the Danish of B. S. Ingemann, 3 vols. post vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
 Tracts on the Parables, by Mrs. T. Best. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Fine Arts in Great Britain, by W. B. S. Taylor, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
 Traditions of Lincolnshire, 1st series; Boston in the Olden Time. 8vo. 5s.
 The Winchester Arithmetic, by R. Mudie. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
 H. A. Oram's Examples in Arithmetic: Part I. Integers. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
 Master's Copy to Ditto, 3s.
 Cucumber Culture, by John Duncan. 12mo. 5s.
 Chitty on the Stamp Laws, 2d edition, by J. W. Hulme. 12mo. 12s.
 Trial of James Thomas Earl of Cardigan. royal 8vo. 3s.
 Elkington on Draining, new edition, by J. Johnstone. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Faulkner's Designs for Monuments, Tombs, &c. 4to. 15s.
 Principles of Obstetric Medicine, by Dr. Ramsbotham. 8vo. 22s.
 Italy and the Italian Islands, by W. Spalding. 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.

LITERARY NEWS—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. James, who has returned from the continent, is now closely engaged in the printing of his new work, "RICHARD CŒUR DE LION." From what we hear, we are led to expect its publication speedily.

Mrs. Jameson's "GUIDE TO THE PICTURE GALLERIES" is, we understand, now nearly completed.

A new work of a striking character has just been committed to the press by a gentleman of high talent, entitled "LEGENDS OF WESTERN GERMANY." On so fruitful a theme well studied, we may calculate on this production as one of no ordinary interest.

We understand that a new work is in course of speedy publication,
April 1841.—VOL. XXX.—NO. CXX.

entitled the "Woodspirit," of which report speaks highly. The author, whose name is as yet a secret, has, as we are informed, endeavoured to blend with a new style of fiction a moral, for the truth of which, we fear, but too many will vouch.

In a few days will be published, "Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister. By Catherine Taylor." Vol. II.

Mr. Major is editing and revising a new edition of his "Cabinet Hogarth Moralized," which is expected to be ready by the 21st instant.

The new edition of Swift's Works, complete in two vols. medium 8vo., will be ready on the 14th instant.

"Hours in Norway; Poems." To which is added, a version of Oehlenschläger's *Axel and Valborg, a Tragedy.* By Robert Mason Laing.

In a few days, with a Supplement, a new and improved edition of Mr. Wade's *Chronological History of Great Britain.*

A new and improved edition of Monsieur Le Page's *L'Echo de Paris.*

A new and improved edition of Mr. Jackson's "Bookkeeping."

A new and improved edition of Mr. Gumersall's "Interest and Discount at all Rates per Cent."

In the Press, "Regulus, the Noblest Roman of them All. A Tragedy in Five Acts." By the Author of *Spartacus, the Roman Gladiator; Longinus; and The Cathedral Bell; Tragedies in Five Acts, and other works.*

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We plod on much in the usual way with our commerce and trade, neither of which has lately shown strong tendencies towards improvement—neither is the depression so considerable as to excite anything like alarm. The demand for our Manchester goods has been unusually dull for this season of the year, and the sales in cotton extremely limited. Notwithstanding our disagreements with the Chinese, teas continue to fall in prices, and very little business doing with them. The market for West Indian produce is remarkably quiet, and in a healthy state, whilst the foreign market for all manner of colonial imports is much depressed, and hardly any buyers. The duty on foreign corn still continues high, being 24s. 8d., and there is, thus, no present probability of the ports being opened. Our shipping interests still continue slowly to improve. The greatest distress is felt at home, in our pauperized and superabundant labouring population. This is the evil that at present most afflicts the empire.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 27th of March.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Consols for April, 89.—Consols, 88 seven-eighths.—New Three and a Half per Cents. 97 one half.—South Sea New Annuities, 86 five-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 24d. 5 to 7 pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, Acct. 33.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., Acct. 50 seven-eighths.—Portuguese Three per Cent., Acct. 19 three-fourths.—Spanish Bonds, Acconut, 23 three-eighths.

MONEY MARKET.—Towards the close of last month there was a great deal of excitement in the Money Market, upon the receipt of the new President of America's inaugural address. The most conversant in political matters could make nothing of it, not well knowing whether it portends peace or war, and again, as to the manage-

ment of the American Currency. Nothing, however, can be done in America, that will not materially affect us here. As the majority incline towards thinking that the pacific arrangements between the two countries will not be disturbed, our Consols become brisk, and improved in prices, notwithstanding the operations of several influential parties to depress them. During the month, Railway shares have not much fluctuated, the Birmingham and Western still continuing at a premium, the former very high, and most of the others at a discount. Money has been sufficiently abundant, and speculation is not now permitted to drain so much of our capital.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude $51^{\circ} 37' 32''$ N. Longitude $3^{\circ} 51''$ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1841.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Feb					
23	42-36	30.24 30.20	N.E.	.01	Afternoon clear, otherwise overcast.
24	40 30	30.22 30.20	N.E.		A general cloud, raining from half-past 4 till 8
25	43-32	30.21-30.09	N.E.	.005	Morning clear, otherwise overcast. [P.M.
26	48-35	29.83-29.60	N.E.	.06	Overcast, rain fell in the early part of morning.
27	43-32	29.75-29.62	N.W.	.105	Generally clear, frequent showers during the day.
28	43 29	29.78-29.64	N.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
March					
1	43-30	29.56-29.54	S.		General overcast, rain fell in the evening. [even.
2	46 28	29.61 29.40	W.		Morn. clear, otherwise overcast, rain in aft. &
3	47-35	29.55-29.25	W.	.265	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in even.
4	44 27	29.81-29.78	W.	.005	Evening cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
5	49-31	29.77-29.28	S.W.	.07	Morning clear, otherwise overcast, raining all
6	50 34	29.89-29.53	W.	.24	Clear. [aft. and even.
7	55-39	30.15 29.95	W.		Clear.
8	61-42	30.30-30.27	S.W.	.005	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the
9	57-34	30.39 Stat.	S.W.	.01	Morning foggy, otherwise clear. [morning.
10	57 30	30.31-30.36	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
11	57 28	30.36 30.34	S.		Morning foggy, otherwise clear.
12	58 28	30.28 30.24	S.W.		Clear.
13	57-27	30.33-30.23	N.E.		Clear.
14	53-33	30.28 30.18	E.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
15	58 30	30.09 30.02	S.W.		Morning foggy, otherwise clear.
16	59 30	29.87-29.72	S.		Generally clear.
17	56-36	29.59-29.57	S.		Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
18	56 38	29.57-29.41	S.	.015	Morning cloudy, with small rain, otherw. clear.
19	53-38	29.67-29.57	S.		Morning overcast, with rain, otherwise clear.
20	56-37	29.65-29.55	S.E.		Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the aft. &
21	53-39	29.59-29.56	S.	.18	Generally cloudy, sunshine frequent. [even.
22	57-47	29.48 29.33	S.W.	.09	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM FEBRUARY 26 TO MARCH 19, 1841, INCLUSIVE.

Feb. 23.—A. Emerson and Co., Antrim, Ireland, distillers.—J. S. Viret and T. R. Kitching, Ludgate-hill, linen-draper.—J. Duckham, Piccadilly, carpet dealer.—W. George, Fleet-street, musical instrument maker.—J. Gawen, Lower Shadwell, Irish provision merchant.—T. B. Loader, Hanover-street, Walworth-road map publisher.—R. McGregor, Chester, grocer.—E. Bennett, Cambridge, builder.—W. Mason, Heywood, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—P.

Blackburn, Salford, builder.—M. Knott, Camp-hill, Warwickshire, wholesale stationer.—E. Young, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, scrivener.—S. G. Whitehouse, Northampton, coal-merchant.—J. Proffitt, jun., Darlaston, Staffordshire, buckle manufacturer.—J. Ganton, Cambridge, butcher.

Feb. 26.—J. M. Dean, Cheltenham, linen-draper.—R. McKenzie and A. Marr, Silver-street, Wood-street, rectifiers.—G. Wand, York,

millers.—L. Edwards, Merthyr Tydvil, grocer.—H. Clarke, Portsea, ironmonger.—H. J. Storey, Somerset-street, Aldgate, victualler.—J. Mace, Tottenham-court-road, victualler.—W. Forster, Philpot lane, Fenchurch-street, tea-dealer.—W. Tempest, Chester, innkeeper.—T. C. Armsby, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, chemist.—W. Walker, Manchester, fus-tian manufacturer.

March 2.—J. G. P. Heyliger, Tottenham-court-road, silversmith.—S. Fenn, Bromley, draper.—J. Faulkner, jun., Danver's Wharf, Chelsea, builder.—T. Coleman, St. Alban's, victualler.—W. Brydon, Abchurch-lane, City, wholesale druggist.—W. M. Nobbs, Maiden-lane, hotel keeper.—G. Board, Bristol, grocer.—J. Thompson, Lynn, Norfolk, victualler.—J. H. Knott, Sonning, Berkshire, builder.—G. Mellor, Macclesfield, linen-draper.—J. Feaver, Nether Compton, Dorsetshire, sail cloth manufacturer.—M. Pellet, Arundel, miller.—J. W. Braddick, Bristol, tanner.—W. Card, Northampton, biscuit baker.—T. Stevenson, Stafford, shoe manufacturer.—T. Parker, Bampton, Cumberland, butcher.—A. Brittain, Norwich, grocer.—A. Smith, Stroud, saddler.

March 5.—H. J. Todd, Wood-street, City, warehouseman.—B. Dunn, Jermyn-street, St. James's, glass and china man.—T. Ward, East Dereham, Norfolk, plumber.—J. F. Harrison, New Broad-street, wine merchant.—R. Worters, Melford, Suffolk, maltster.—H. Gemson, Preston, Lancashire, builder.—W. Hannaford, and N. Prettjohn, Kingsbridge, Devonshire, cattle dealers.—S. Megson, Dewsbury, woollen cloth manufacturer.—J. F. Masters, Bristol, perfumer.—T. R. Waters, Towcaster, licensed victualler.—J. Toone, Leamington Priors, builder.—A. Turabull, Arundel-street, Strand, boarding-house keeper.—C. Pickard, Friday-street, linen draper.—C. and P. Knight, Ivy-lane, Newgate-market, salesmen.—J. Knight, Wigan, Lancashire, butcher.

March 9.—B. Todhunter, Mincing-lane, drysalter.—W. Annan, Watling-street, printer.—W. H. Hutchins, Whitechapel-road, linendraper.—J. Lardner, Deptford, corn dealer.—F. Seldon and J. Mann, Water lane, wine merchants.—J. Beddow and F. Berryman, Little Love-lane, Wood-street, Scotch and Manchester warehousemen.—W. Knowelden, Great Guilford-street, Southwark, engineer.—J. H. Gaudell, East Challow and Farringdon, brewer.—W. E. Davies, Wightwick, Staffordshire, coal master.—C. Baldwin, Blockley, Worces-

tershire, wool dealer.—T. S. Cave, Walmer, Kent, merchant.—W. T. Tidd, Liverpool, grocer.—J. Megson, Ossett, Yorkshire, clothier.—D. Morgan, Merthyr Tydvil, chemist.—T. Chamberlain, Bourn, Lincolnshire, innkeeper.—J. Cordingley, Wakefield, ironfounder.—T. Booth, Great Driffield, Yorkshire, shoemaker.—H. Robson, Bourn, Lincolnshire, wheelwright.

March 12.—J. Philpot, R. Marriott, and B. Burnell, Crigglestone, Yorkshire.—A. Russell, Shooter's Hill-road, Old Charlton, Kent, builder.—W. Haslem, Epping, draper.—H. Jefford, Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire, builder.—J. Pigg, Norwich, carpenter.—M. Stone, Lane End, Staffordshire, draper.—J. Fisher, Birmingham, corn dealer.—W. Daglish, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, joiner.

March 16.—W. Appleford and F. J. Appleford, Holborn-bars, drapers.—E. Tugwell, Wood-street, Cheapside, woollen warehouseman.—J. H. Long and G. Godber, Cateaton-street, cotton factors.—O. Staite, Wood-street, Cheapside, lace warehouseman.—A. Alder, Brimscombe, Gloucestershire, cloth factor.—J. Greaves, Stoke-upon-Trent, ale merchant.—J. Madley and H. Courteen, Redbrook, Monmouthshire, brewers.—B. Smith, Cross Hills, Yorkshire, snuff manufacturer.—J. Sidders, Canterbury, corn chandler.—P. W. Hammond, Droylsden, Manchester, banker.—R. Innes, Gateshead, builder.—J. W. Cowley, Walsall, brassfounder.—N. Taylor, Kingston-upon-Hull, linendraper.—J. Heaword, Portwood, Stockport, cotton head yarn manufacturer.—J. E. Jackson and J. Singleton, Leeds, carriers.—J. Carter, Shrewsbury, innkeeper.

March 19.—J. and G. F. Squires, Emmett-street, Poplar, plumbers.—N. Turney, Millbank-street, Westminster, baker.—J. Bur-kett, Noble-street, Goswell-street, victualler.—T. G. C. Riley, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street, billbroker.—J. Barber, Walworth-road, pawnbroker.—H. Fletcher, senior, and H. Fletcher, jun., Eastington, Gloucestershire, clothiers.—J. Firth, Webber-street, Lambeth, licensed victualler.—G. B. Orchard, Bath, upholsterer.—D. Williams, Llanelly, skopkeeper.—A. E. Wheeler, Clifton, Bristol, milliner.—S. Bryan, Cotton-end, Northamptonshire, shoe manufacturer.—G. P. Blakey, Holmfirth, Yorkshire, draper.—P. Crompton, Liverpool, ironmonger.—W. H. Bell, Kingston-upon-Hull, seedcrusher.—T. Coulter, Doncaster, dealer.—G. Smith, T. Smith, and C. F. Smith, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, tailors.

NEW PATENTS.

C. Schafhautil, of Swansea, Doctor of Medicine, E. O. Manby, of Parliament Street, Westminster, Civil Engineer, and J. Manby, of the same place, Civil Engineer, for improvements in the construction of puddling, balling, and other sorts of reverberatory furnaces, for the purpose of enabling anthracite stone coal or culm to be used therein as fuel. January 30th, 6 months.

J. Mac Lellan, of Glasgow, Manufacturer, for an improved combination of Materials for umbrella and parasol cloth. January 30th, 6 months.

E. J. Coates, of Bread Street, Cheapside, Merchant, for improvements in the forging of bolts, spikes, and nails. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. January 30th, 6 months.

H. Pape, of Great Portland Street, Pianoforte Manufacturer, for improvements in Castors. February 1st, 6 months.

C. Hood, of Earl Street, Blackfriars, Iron Merchant, for improvements in giving signals. February 1st, 6 months.

W. W. Taylor, of Barrowfield House, Essex, Gentleman, for improvements in buffing apparatus for railway purposes. February 1st, 6 months.

D. F. Albert, of Cadishead, Manchester, L.L.D., for an improved or new combination of materials and processes in the manufacture of fuel. February 1st, 6 months.

F. Sleddon, jun., of Preston, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for roving, slubbing, and spinning cotton and other fibrous substances. February 2nd, 6 months.

W. W. Andrews, of Wolverhampton, Ironmonger, for certain improved methods of raising and lowering windows and window-blinds, and opening and shutting doors, which are also applicable to the raising and lowering of maps, curtains, and other articles. February 2nd, 6 months.

T. Young, of Queen Street, London, Merchant, for improvements in furnaces or fire-places for the better consuming of fuel. February 3rd, 6 months.

W. Hancock, jun., of King Square, Middlesex, Accountant, for an improved description of fabric suitable for making friction gloves, horse brushes, and other articles requiring rough surfaces. February 3rd, 6 months.

J. Bunnett, of Deptford, Engineer, for certain improvements in locomotive engines and carriages. February 3rd, 6 months.

J. Cartwright, of Loughborough, Manufacturer of Hosiery, H. Warner, of the same place, manufacturer of Hosiery, and J. Haywood, of the same place, Frame Smith, for improvements upon machinery commonly called stocking frames or frame-work knitting machinery. February 4th, 6 months.

T. Griffiths, of Birmingham, Tin Plate Worker, for certain improvements in such dish covers as are made with iron covered with tin. February 8th, 6 months.

J. Thorburn, of Manchester, Mechanist, for certain improvements in machinery for producing knitted fabrics. February 8th, 6 months.

W. Ryder, of Bolton, Lancaster, Roller and Spindle Maker, for certain improved apparatus for forging, drawing, moulding, or forming spindles, rollers, bolts, and various other like articles in metal. February 8th, 6 months.

T. Fuller, of Salford, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for combing or preparing wool or other fibrous substances. Partly communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 8th, 6 months.

E. Oldham, of Cricklade, Wilts, Railroad Contractor, for certain improvements in the construction of turning tables to be used on railways. February 8th, 6 months.

C. Green, of Birmingham, Gold Plater, for improvements in the manufacture of brass and copper tubes. February 8th, 6 months.

W. Wigston, of Salford, Engineer, for a new apparatus for the purpose of conveying signals or telegraphic communications. February 8th, 6 months.

J. Scott, of Great Bowden, near Market Harborough, Timber Merchant, for improvements in constructing railways, and in propelling carriages thereon, which improvements are applicable to raising and lowering weights. February 8th, 6 months.

J. Johnstone, of Willow Park, Greenock, Esquire, for improvements in obtaining motive power. February 8th, 6 months.

W. H. F. Talbot, of Locock Abbey, Wilts, Esquire, for improvements in obtaining pictures or representations of objects. February 8th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Mechanical Draftsman, for improvements in obtaining a concentrated extract of hops, which the inventor denominates "humulina." Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 15th, 6 months.

T. Smith, of Attleborough, Farmer, for certain improvements in ploughs. February 15th, 6 months.

J. Whitelaw and G. Whitelaw, Engineers, of Glasgow, for a new mode of propelling vessels through the water, with certain improvements on the steam-engine when used in connexion therewith, part of which improvements are applicable to other purposes. February 15th, 6 months.

P. W. Phillips, of Clarence Place, Bristol, Gentleman, and W. B. Peck, of Broad Street, Bristol, Wine Merchant, for improvements in four-wheeled carriages. February 15th, 6 months.

J. Ransome, and C. May, of Ipswich, Machine Makers, for improvements in the manufacture of railway chairs, railway or other pins or bolts, and in wood fastenings, and trenails. February 15th, 6 months.

W. Scamp, of Charlton Terrace, Woolwich, Surveyor, for an application of machinery to steam vessels for the removal of sand, mud, soil, and other matters from the sea, rivers, docks, harbours, and other bodies of water. February 16th, 6 months.

W. S. Henson, of Allen Street, Lambeth, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam engines. February 16th, 6 months.

G. E. Noone, of Hampstead, Civil Engineer, for improvements in dry gas meters. February 18th, 6 months.

W. Orme, of Stourbridge, Ironmaster, for improvements in the manufacture of cofered spades, and other cofered tools. February 18th, 6 months.

J. C. Drake, of Elmtree Road, St. John's Wood, Land Surveyor, for improvements in scales used in draining, and laying down plans. February 18th, 6 months.

A. B. Von Rathen, of Kingston-upon-Hull, Engineer, for certain improvements in fire grates, and in parts connected therewith, for furnaces for heating fluids. February 22nd, 4 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for improvements in the process of and apparatus for purifying and disinfecting greasy and oily substances or matters both animal and vegetable. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 22nd, 6 months.

T. W. Booker, of Melin Griffiths Works, near Cardiff, Ironmaster, for improvements in the manufacture of iron. February 22nd, 6 months.

J. G. Dashwood, of Ryde, Isle of Wight, Plumber, for improvements in pumps. February 22nd, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in tanning, and dressing, or currying skins. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 22nd, 6 months.

C. Sneath, of Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery, for making or manufacturing of stockings or other kinds of loop work. February 23rd, 6 months.

J. Dean, of Dover, Chemist, for improvements in preparing skins and other animal substances, for obtaining gelatine, size, and glue, and in preparing skins for tanning. February 23rd, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS—Feb. 22.—Nothing particular.

Feb. 23.—Some petitions printed, and some initiative business transacted.

Feb. 24.—No House.

Feb. 25.—The Earl of Mount Edgecumbe called attention to the claims of Mr. Snowe Harris on the Admiralty for his invention of lightning-conductors for ships, but deferred any definite motion, in the hope that some arrangement might be made that would render Parliamentary notice unnecessary.

Feb. 26.—Some conversation took place on the choice of Dartmouth as the port from which the West India packets are to start. The selection was much censured by the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe and Lord Ashburton, and in the result the petition was laid on the table, and a copy of the report of the Commissioners on the subject was ordered to be presented to the House.

March 1.—Nothing of consequence occurred.

March 2.—The Earl of Dalhousie took a very able view of the present state of the Church question in Scotland, especially in reference to the insane violence of the extreme party, and concluded by inquiring of the Earl of Aberdeen if it were his intention to re-introduce the bill he had brought in on the subject during the last session of Parliament? The Earl of Aberdeen replied in the negative.

March 3.—No House.

March 4.—Much angry debating upon the grants to the Catholics in Canada. No results, and no other business.

March 5.—The Bishop of London called attention to the indecencies stated to have taken place at a recent *bal masqué* at Drury Lane Theatre.—The Earl of Uxbridge said that the ball had been given without his knowledge, and added that his official authority did not extend to masquerades.—The Bishop of Exeter gave notice that, on Friday next, he should move that an humble address be presented to her Majesty, earnestly praying her Majesty to withhold her royal sanction from the ordinance for incorporating the ecclesiastics of the Seminary of St. Sulpice.—The Earl of Glengall having moved for copies of the correspondence that had taken place between the Poor Law Commissioners in Ireland and the Board of Guardians of the Union of Clonmel, the Duke of Wellington said that all that had transpired as to the conduct of the Irish Poor Law Commissioners had been so extraordinary as to call for the fullest information on the subject.

March 6.—No House.

March 8.—The Earl of Mountcashel called attention to the news that had that morning arrived from America, and begged to know if Government had received any official accounts.—Viscount Melbourne said that he was quite ignorant whether any despatches from the British Minister at Washington had reached the Foreign Office, but thought, from the form in which the news had come, that it might be considered as authentic.—The Earl of Glengall, after having shown that false returns had been made to the House in reference to the administration of the Poor Law Act in the Union of Clonmel, moved for copies of all correspondence between the Poor Law Commissioners and a Mr. Phelan, relating to the appointment of the returning officer for that union, which was agreed to.

March 9.—Nothing of consequence.

March 10.—No House.

March 11.—Some conversation upon the Poor Law Inquiry and the Roman Seminary of St. Sulpice, in Canada.

March 12.—The Earl of Mountcashel gave notice that, after Easter, he would move for a Committee to inquire into the causes of duels.—The House went into Committee upon the Copyhold Enfranchisement Bill, the report was brought up, and the Bill was ordered to be read a third time on Monday.—Lord Keane's Annuity Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

March 13.—No House.

March 15.—Much unprofitable debate upon the St. Sulpice question. No conclusion either way. Nothing else of consequence.

March 16.—Lord Keane's Annuity Bill was read a third time and passed.—Mr. Stanley, the assistant secretary of the Irish Poor Law Commissioners, being in attendance, was called to the bar and sworn. The examination of Mr. Stanley continued three hours. The main facts that transpired were, that in the office of the Poor Law Commissioners in Ireland no such thing as a letter-book is kept; that in the minute-book ordered by the Act of Parliament there is no column even for the dates of letters written by the direction of the board; that returns of correspondence furnished to the House of Lords have been falsified in material points.—Nothing else material.

March 17.—No House.

March 18.—Messengers from the Commons brought up the Mutiny Bill, the Marine Mutiny Bill, the Rum Duties Bill, the South Western Railway Amendment Bill, and several private Bills, which were read a first time.—Mr. Stanley was again examined at great length respecting the falsification of the returns relative to the Clonmel Union.

March 19.—Conversations on the bad behaviour of the Catholics in Newfoundland, and continuation of the Irish Poor Law Inquiry.

March 20.—No House.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Feb. 22.—The Hon. Mr. Fitzwilliam took the oaths and his seat as member for Richmond.—Many petitions were presented for and against the rival Irish Registration Bills.—The order of the day was moved for the second reading of Lord Morpeth's Bill for regulating the system of Irish registration, and diminishing, by one-half, the qualification of Irish electors. After much discussion the debate was adjourned.

Feb. 23.—The sitting entirely occupied with the same debate, which was again adjourned.

Feb. 24.—The same debate, and a fresh adjournment.

Feb. 25.—After some unimportant conversation the debate was resumed, during which nearly every member spoke who is in the habit of addressing the House. The motion was at length carried by a majority of 5 in a house of 593, and the Bill committed *pro forma*.

Feb. 26.—Much preparatory business was transacted, and many petitions presented on various matters, but no bill was passed, or measure completed.

March 1.—Mr. Armstrong took the oaths and his seat for King's County.—After the presentation of petitions, chiefly against the New Poor Law Bill, the order of the day having been read for the commitment of Lord Morpeth's Bill, Lord John Russell moved that the Committee should stand over till after Easter, much to the displeasure of Lord Stanley, who gave Lord John and his government a sound rating. There then ensued a long debate on the estimates; however, all the votes were ultimately agreed to.

March 2.—After some skirmishing about the sheriffs and sheriffs-depute in Scotland, Mr. Colquhoun moved for leave to bring in a Bill to alter the Irish Acts relating to Maynooth College, which was given.

March 3.—The County Constabulary Bill, after some discussion among the country gentlemen, was defeated by a division, affirming the motion of Mr. Fox Maule, that the Bill should be committed on that day six months.—Mr. Kelly's Bill for abolishing capital punishment was read a second time without opposition.

March 4.—No House.

March 5.—The House occupied with granting the supplies, none of which were denied, and on observations on the conduct of the Earl of Cardigan.

March 8.—After some unimportant matters were talked about, the House went into a Committee of supply, and the ordnance estimates were granted.—The House resumed, and went into a Committee on the Poor Law Act Continuance Bill. The Bill went through Committee *pro formâ*, and was ordered to be reprinted with the proposed amendments.—The Copyright of Designs Bills also passed through Committee.—Lord John Russell then moved and obtained leave to introduce certain Bills for the amendment of the criminal law.

March 9.—With the exception of the consideration of private Bills and the presenting of petitions, nothing of importance occurred, all the rest of the business being merely initiatory.

March 10.—Mr. Hodges moved the second reading of the Bill for enabling Jews to hold corporate offices.—After much debate, the second reading was carried by a large majority. Much other preparatory business took place, and large supplies were granted in Committee.

March 11.—Nothing of much importance beyond mere conversation took place, and the House was counted out at an early hour.

March 12.—The House having resolved itself into Committee on the Trade of the British possessions, viz. in the West Indies and in North America, Mr. Labouchere made a lengthened statement of the present system of duties in our American and West Indian colonies, and of the changes he intended to propose, and leave was given to proceed with the Bill on the 26th. Other matters, merely of finance, were discussed, and the House adjourned.

March 15.—After some preliminary business, the House having gone into Committee on the Acts relating to South Australia, Lord J. Russell moved that her Majesty be authorized, by an Act to be passed in the present session of Parliament, to guarantee a loan for a sum not exceeding £10,000*l.*, to be contracted for by the South Australian Commissioners. A long discussion ensued, in which Lord Stanley and Sir Robert Peel urged that the Government ought, in the form of a Bill, to explain distinctly their future views with respect to the management of the colony. The result was, that Lord John Russell withdrew his resolution until Friday. The House then resumed; on the motion for further considering the Ordnance Estimates, Sir Hussey Vivian explained that the arms supplied for the Syrian expedition were to be paid for by the Sultan; and the resolution was agreed to.—Sir W. Rae moved for and obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the erection at Edinburgh of a monument to the late Sir Walter Scott.

March 16.—Nothing of very great importance.

March 17.—On Mr. Hawes proceeding with his Medical Profession Bill, the House was counted out at an early hour.

March 18.—Nothing of importance.

March 19.—The House went into Committee of Supply, and agreed to a resolution for a vote of credit of £55,000*l.* for the relief of South Australia.—On the motion for the re-commitment of the Poor Law Amendment Bill, Mr. Wakley rose to move that the Bill should be divided into two Bills, which was negatived.—Mr. T. Parker then moved, as an amendment, that the House should resolve itself into Committee on the Bill that day six months. At the close of a lengthened discussion Mr. Parker's amendment was also negatived by a majority of 196.—The House then went into Committee. On the first clause, which related to the extension of the Poor Law Commission, being proposed, Mr. B. Wood moved that, from the 31st of December next, there should not remain in office more than five Assistant Commissioners for England and Wales, which was negatived.—Mr. W. Attwood moved that the chairman should then report progress, which was assented to, and the House resumed.—The County Courts Bill went through Committee—The Beer Bill was read a third time and passed.

INDEX TO VOL. XXX.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

Address to the Twenty-second of January, 237.
April Fool, The, 446.
Artificial Florist, The, 425.
Awakening, The, 445.

Baths of Lucca in the Summer of 1840, 259, 401.
Blue Belles of England, 1, 121, 233, 345.

Canzonet to a Maltese Air, 383.
Chatelar to Mary Queen of Scots, 27.

Duet, by Mrs. Crawford, 438.

Gibraltar, Memories of, 310, 427.

Hymn to Sleep, 50.

Italy, by an Exile, 28.

Jews, History of, 165, 301.

Killikelly, Lord, 88, 206, 324.

Lonely Heart, The, 368.
Lover's Transformation, The, 439.

Maule, Mr. Jeremy, and the Quakeress, 269.
Maternal Love, from the German of Hauff, 409.
Memoirs of an Italian Exile, 149, 286.

Note-Book of an Irish Barrister, 60, 369.

Ode for the New Year, 76.
Old Bachelor, The, 51.
Old Tower, The, 456.

Passage in the Life of Alfieri, 180.
Pickings from Italian Poetry, 195.
Press, The, 87.

Question Answered, The, Impromptu, 110.

INDEX.

Recollections excited by the Perfume of Different Flowers, 38.
 Recollections of a Student, 78, 197, 384.
 Red Morning, The, 410.
 Roberts, Miss E., Memoir of, 111.
 Rough Material, 159.

Similitudes, 59, 300.
 Sing me the Songs of Other Days, 400.
 Sister's Dream, by Hauff, 157.
 Song of the Sea, The, 37.
 Song, in Earth's Lonely Desert, 225.
 Souls of the Drowned, The, 226.
 Stanzas, 148.

Virtue's Seat, 268.

Abel, the Death of, done in blank Verse,
 noticed, 2
 Alda, the British Captive, noticed, 67
 Adventures of a Gentleman in search of
 a Horse, noticed, 58
 Adventures of Susan Hopley, noticed, 49

Bankrupts, 26, 61, 90, 123
 British Empire in the East, noticed, 5

Cairo, Petra, and Damascus, in 1839,
 noticed, 14
 Childhood illustrated in a Selection
 from the Poets, noticed, 56
 Colonial Magazine, noticed, 8
 Comic Miscellanies in Prose and Verse,
 noticed, 21
 Comic Almanack for 1841, noticed, 68
 Corsair's Bridal, noticed, 20
 Commercial Relations of the Country,
 27, 89, 60, 122
 Cavendish's, Sir Henry, Debates in the
 House of Commons, noticed, 9
 Cook, Select remains of Rev. John, no-
 ticed, 20

Devereux, noticed, 65
 Discourse on the Enlarged State of the
 Body, noticed, 10
 Disowned, noticed, 1
 Dictionary of the Art of Printing, no-
 ticed, 57
 Dramatic Works of Sir E. L. Bulwer,
 noticed, 97
 Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Con-
 greve, Vanbrugh, &c., noticed, 13

Egypt and Mahommed Ali, noticed, 84
 Elmaphil, noticed, 42
 Error, a Romantic Tale, noticed, 19
 England, her Colonies, and her Ene-
 mies, noticed, 22
 Ethelston, a Play, noticed, 86

Finden's Tableaux for 1841, noticed, 22

Fugitive Pieces, noticed, 6
 Fine Arts, 23
 Funds, 27, 61, 89, 122

Historical and Descriptive Account of
 Iceland, &c. noticed, 14
 Hints, Moral and Medical, on Teeto-
 talism, noticed, 23
 Home Sketches and Foreign Recollec-
 tions, noticed, 99
 Henry of Monmouth, noticed, 47
 Hints to Parents on the Management of
 Children, noticed, 52
 Heroes, on, Hero Worship, &c. noticed,
 117
 Historical Register, 63, 94, 126
 Hall, Robert, Selection from, noticed,
 38

Imagination, a Poem, noticed, 39
 Jairah, a Dramatic Mystery, noticed, 73

Lovers, The, a Play, noticed, 12
 Literary News, 25, 59, 88, 121
 List of New Publications, 24, 58, 88,
 121
 Landon's, Rev., Tragedies, noticed, 110

Money, a Comedy, noticed, 2
 Montrose, The Life and Times of, no-
 ticed, 3
 Mabinozion, The, noticed, 17
 Morea, The, noticed, 44
 Master Humphrey's Clock, noticed, 78
 Memoir of the Countries about the
 Caspian Sea, noticed, 79
 Monopolygraph, A, noticed, 66
 Manual of Logarithms, &c., noticed, 80
 Mineral Teeth, noticed, 113
 Meteorological Journal, 26, 60, 89, 123
 Money Market Report, 28, 61, 89, 122

Nuces Philosophicæ, noticed, 7, 54, 87
 Night and Morning, noticed, 33

INDEX.

- New Sporting Magazine, noticed, 120
- Nautical Reorganization and Increase of Trading Marine, noticed, 11
- New Patents, 28, 62, 91, 124
- Outlines of Turkish Grammar, noticed, 80
- Playfair Papers, noticed, 9
- Practical Remarks on Cure for Squinting, noticed, 16
- Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare, noticed, 20
- Parlour Table Book, noticed, 22
- Poor Jack, noticed, 46
- Pilgrimage to the Spas, noticed, 118
- Ricauti's Rustic Architecture, noticed, 15
- Rhyme, Romance, and Revery, noticed, 19
- Recollections, &c., Miscellaneous Poems, noticed, 63
- Retrospection on Lights of Days gone by, noticed, 102
- Rhenius, Rev. T. C. E., Memoir of, noticed, 81
- Seer, The, or Common Places Refreshed, noticed, 16
- South Sea Islanders, noticed, 115
- Society Organized, noticed, 75
- Vivia Perpetua, a Dramatic Poem, noticed, 105
- Voyages, Relations, et Mémoires Originiaux, pour servir à l'Histoire de Decouverte de l'Amérique, noticed, 71
- Waldemar, noticed, 107
- Washington, an Essay, noticed, 78

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